

When Senator McLaure, Col. Jones and Thompson were in Washington to confer with the war department about the Second South Carolina Regiment, a correspondent for the News and Herald had an interview with Mr. McLaure and a great deal has been said by some Democratic Senator about an expression in the interview. The newspapers took up the idea that Senator McLaure was in favor of Mr. McKinley's election in 1900 without any opposition. Col. Jones, who was present and heard everything that was said gives the Columbia State the following:

So much unjust criticism has been made of Senator McLaure on account of a dispatch sent the "News and Herald" by its Washington correspondent, that I feel impelled to the interest of justice to appear in public print.

I was present when the interview between the senator and the reporter, saw and heard everything that passed, and there is no room whatever for the charge that Senator McLaure said a word unbecoming a Democrat. The report sent by the reporter is very meagre and only purports to give one or two sentences of the conversation that lasted nearly an hour. Even this, however, would not have occasioned any criticism if it were not for the headlines of the "News and Herald" which read: "Senator McLaure said a word unbecoming a Democrat."

So I think the reporter intended to do the senator an injustice, and I am sure he will agree with what I shall say.

S Senator McLaure, Col. Thompson and myself had passed a very busy day at the war department and would up with a call on the President. There is no doubt all of us were feeling good, for we had succeeded beyond our fondest hopes in the sale in the United States from the indelible disgrace of being the only one in the Union that failed to respond to the call to arms. It was a very hot day and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the senator and myself retired to my room at the Metropolitan and in the Democratic style had taken off our coats and collars to cool. Mr. Larner called and desired to know what we had accomplished and all about our mission. We proceeded to tell him and from the account of our trip to the White House the conversation drifted on to the war and the policy of the President. Senator McLaure spoke frankly and intelligently on this subject and agreed to give Mr. Larner an interview. He made some notes and handing them to Mr. Larner told him to write the interview out on the lines we were taking. He said in substance what the dispatch states, but in a different connection entirely, and with no such intimation as some of his critics have sought to make appear. I cannot undertake to recall all that was said, but this is the substance: That the President had displayed great wisdom in the conduct of the war, but when it was forced on him, he earnestly sought to avoid war, but when it was forced on him, he earnestly sought to avoid war, but when it was forced on him, he earnestly sought to avoid war.

This is about the substance of what occurred, and there was nothing undemocratic or wrong in anything that I saw or heard. If the correspondent had given all that was said the most fastidious democratic palate in the country would not have rejected it. I am chairman of the Democratic party of South Carolina and certainly if I had heard one of our senators say something not in consonance with our principles, I would have noted it.

"While Jones."

It will be noticed that Senator McLaure thinks well of the President's war policy, and that if that record was the only issue in the next presidential election then he would favor the election of McKinley without opposition. Certainly any Democrat might have said the same thing, and that without any propriety. It will be observed that Senator McLaure was careful to confine himself to the war, and he did not say that he was in favor of burying in the next election the fundamental distinction between the two parties.

COL. WATSON'S advice to his friends to vote for Governor Ellerbe is very strange, to say the least of it. During the canvass, Col. Watson gave as his reason for making the race, that Ellerbe was weak, incompetent and wholly unfit to be Governor, and that Ellerbe had not measured up to the standard. Not a great many people in South Carolina, judging by their votes, considered Watson the right man for the office, because he received an exceedingly small vote. But the point we wish to make is the inconsistent position of Watson before and after the primary. As the Greenville News well states it, he has deliberately committed suicide. If Ellerbe was weak, and wholly unfit to be Governor before the first primary, which Watson told his friends was true, how could he have expected his friends to take his advice to vote for him in the second primary? Watson was vigorous in his attacks on Ellerbe, and now he has completely reversed himself. He has committed suicide.

All this talk about mustering soldiers out of service is becoming very tiresome, and we are glad the war department has taken a strong and firm stand. It is definitely decided that the first South Carolina regiment will be mustered out, and they seem to be satisfied with the prospects. We notice that the correspondent of the News and Herald from the first regiment expresses surprise that his regiment which was the first to volunteer and to be equipped and become thoroughly drilled should now be mustered out, and the second which was not mustered into service until after hostilities ceased should be retained. To outsiders there is nothing whatever surprising about it. The first regiment was to be mustered out, and the war department has very naturally granted the petition.

The first South Carolina regiment is not the only regiment that wants to be disbanded. A New Jersey soldier begs the New York World to use its influence to have the 4th N. J. mustered out. His reasons are very familiar. "The boys are homesick. We all volunteered to fight and die for our beloved country, but not for garrison duty, I am sure." This is the same argument used by our regiment, and it seems to be going through the army. The New Jersey soldier adds something that is also familiar: "About 75 per cent of these regiments wish to go home, but the officers want them to go and do garrison duty so they can keep their jobs and receive good pay."

A CAVALRYMAN writes to the New York World: "The soldiers of our regiment would like to thank through your paper a lady who was at the Bay Shore (L. I.) station while we were on our way to Montauk. Our train was side-tracked, and this lady sent food for us. She supplied us with food, fruit and solid drinks. She did not receive much polite treatment from the officer in command, but that did not prevent her from doing it."

So Winnsboro is not the only place where officers have been impolite to those trying to give food to the soldiers.

The country will deeply sympathize with General Joe Wheeler. It is painfully sad that Lieut. Wheeler should have escaped Spanish bullets and yellow fever, and then be drowned.

It is highly improper in a military commander to tell his troops how to vote as Lieut. Col. Tillman did in a speech to the soldiers of the first regiment.

MOSEY DALE AFFAIRS.

Our neighborhood has been called upon today at rest all that was mortal of one of our esteemed friends and neighbors, Mrs. W. A. Neal, daughter of Major E. H. and Mrs. Amelia Robertson. Mrs. Neal had been a great sufferer for several months, and towards the latter part of her illness her sufferings became almost unendurable. Death was certainly a great relief to her, as it transported her immortal spirit to a haven of rest where she will no more be called upon to undergo either pain, sickness or death, but where she will always be in the presence of her Saviour. She leaves a kind and loving husband to mourn her loss.

Her remains were interred in the Bethel cemetery in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. She was a consistent member of the Horeb Presbyterian Church. Her husband and relatives have the deepest sympathy of our whole community.

We have had an abundance of rain during the week which has retarded cotton picking considerably. We have poor encouragement to gather a cotton crop, for prices are so low that there is no money in it for the man who makes it. I observe that cotton was quoted in Columbia on the 6th inst. at 6¢, and I have not heard of 5 cents being paid in Winnsboro. Why so great a difference? It may drive cotton to Columbia and with it more or less trade. Wake up, Winnsboro, and keep up with the times and receive the plaudits of "well done" from the oppressed cotton-boppers.

Mrs. W. T. McKinstry has gone to Rock Hill to take charge of Elliott & Co.'sinery for several months.

## A NIGHT AT THE JERRY McLAUREY MISSION.

While in New York city recently, in company with Rev. J. G. Dale of Columbia, I went down one night to the Jerry McLaurey Mission, 316 Water St. Some years ago I read a sketch of the remarkable man who founded this mission, and whose name it bears, and ever since I have had a great desire to visit the scene of his labors.

While on the Brooklyn bridge in the afternoon, we asked a policeman to tell us where it was and how to reach it. He walked with us a few steps and pointed it out. It is almost under the New York end of the bridge.

We asked him if it was safe for us to go down there alone at night. He laughed, and said, "That depends on your purpose in going. If you are going down into any of those saloons or 'dives,' you had better look out." We told him, we wanted to attend the service at the Mission. "O well," said he, "it is perfectly safe for you to go."

We had heard Mr. Hardley, the superintendent of the Mission, speak over at Northfield the week before, giving his life history, which thrilled the vast audience which heard it, and so we were more anxious than ever to see and hear of the work.

The Mission was established twenty-five years ago, by Jerry McLaurey, the ex-convict, ex-thief, and everything else that was bad, and ever since it has been a bright light in a dark place, and by it thousands of drunkards, thieves, and loafers, have been reclaimed, and made useful Christians, and good members of society. As we passed along the street, it was filled with the most motley and hardened looking crowd that I have ever seen.

The meeting was in progress when we entered. The room was perhaps half full, and every body was quiet and orderly.

On the platform sat Mr. Hardley and several others. The leader of the meeting was a fine looking gentleman, whose name I never learned to be. I was soon seen and heard to be fully appreciated. A meeting like this is held there every night in the year. There is also a home connected with the mission where they feed and clothe the destitute who come to it for help. If you have anything to say, say it, the meeting is yours."

Heretofore had finished, when a young man, dressed in the uniform of a deck hand on one of the river boats, rose up and said: "I want to give my testimony to Jesus' power to save. I came to New York when I was fifteen years old. I fell into a bad crowd and was fast going to ruin. I was a great sweeper, and was learning to drink, when one night five years ago I came into this Mission, and Jesus took hold of me, and there at that old bench I gave myself to him, and he has held me ever since. I am serving him in every way I can, on the boat, on the street, and everywhere, and he is a great master, and I pray him for all that he has done for me."

A woman then arose, and said she wanted to thank God for all that he had done for her. She had given herself, her children, and her husband to the Lord, and he had saved them all, and was daily leading her with blessings. A man sitting by me, whispered to me, that that was Mrs. Cochrane, the wife of the man who was leading the meeting, and that she had prayed for his conversion for twenty years.

Next arose a man, well dressed, looking like a prosperous workman, and said that he had been a drunkard, pick-pocket, burglar, and had spent several years in the penitentiary, that through the Water St. Mission he had been brought to Christ, and for eight years Jesus had kept him straight, and blessed him with good friends and a prosperous life, and he wanted to say if God could save and keep a wreck like him, any one there that night could be saved.

Another man said he too had been a drunkard and gambler, and had lost every friend he ever had, that he had determined to do it all up jumping in the river, when one night he stumbled into the Mission and was saved, and for nine months God had kept him, given him back his wife and child and a good home, and taken away his sins for liquor and cards, and he assured everybody that Jesus could save the worst man in the city.

Another man said, he had been a down drunkard, but in the Mission he had been saved, that he had quit all his evil ways, but that he still had an awful temper, that for several weeks he had thought that he was getting the best of his temper, but that very day he had spoken to a man as a Christian ought not to speak, and he wanted them all to pray for him.

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And tender way, how God loved and longed over the poor, despised, and desecrated, and made such an appeal for the lost ones to come to him.

Col. Cochrane then made a little talk, one of the best I ever heard. Being a military man, for he had been an officer in the regular army, his talk was colored by his professional training. He told how the general of an army made his headquarters, very strong, kept a close watch on the flanks, and had a reserve force to strengthen any weak place in his lines, etc. Then he spoke of getting the heart, the center, right with God, of keeping an eye always on the weak spots in our lives, and of what a mighty reserve force the believer has in the Lord Jesus, and how he would help the weak, and watch over and protect them. He ended by asking any who wanted to quit the service of the devil and take Jesus for their Captain, to come to the old bench where thousands had been saved. While they were singing, Mr. Hardley passed through the audience, shaking hands and speaking a word for Jesus. Three men came forward, two of them battered wrecks, and one a rather nice looking man. Col. Cochrane put his arms around each of them and talked to them and prayed with them. He then called on a woman, Mrs. La Monte, the mother of the mission, to pray for these men. She spoke as if she were weeping. He spoke as if she were weeping. He spoke as if she were weeping.

After we arose, the three men were asked to say anything they wanted. The nicely dressed man was a bartender in a saloon. He wanted to be a Christian, and he knew he could not be saved and tend a bar. "Give it up and trust to Jesus," said Col. Cochrane; "it will send you to hell sure." He then said, "I will give it all up and give myself to God. The other two were poor drunken wrecks, and they accepted Christ and asked the prayers and help of all.

Mr. Hardley had spoken to Bro. Dale and myself, and asked where we were from. Before the meeting closed he said: "There are two fellows here from South Carolina, let's hear from them." Well, of course we gave our testimony too. After a song the meeting closed.

I am conscious that the foregoing is only a faint picture of the reality. I must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. A meeting like this is held there every night in the year. There is also a home connected with the mission where they feed and clothe the destitute who come to it for help. If you have anything to say, say it, the meeting is yours."

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References: Any banker or city official of Hot Springs. 12-1-97

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